

Cairn

Morgion

Here they lay within our arms. Caressing this darkest purge. Honing the darkness pure, bleeding the nether free... under an Earthen stone, she of cloak and crown, she of blackened steel.. .blessed be unto her. Her soul, the naked blade; the color of Darkest lochs. Her temperance, the hilt forged from silver winters. Time is but a breath. Age thus comes and goes. A pitiful Mortal coil; you and yours, mortal man. Embrace her immortality . The nether three, nocturne sisters. They are the sentient Circle, the meeting point to the end.